Are theſe Things So?

THE

PREVIOUS QUESTION,

FROM

An *Engliſh-man* in his GROTTO:

To a great Man at COURT.

By ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

Luſiſti Satis, edifti Satis, atque bibifti,
TEMPUS ABIRE TIBI—— Hor.

To which is ADDED,

THE ANSWER,

Yes, They are!

Virtus eſt Vitium fugere & Sapientia prima
Stultitia caruiſſe—— Hor.

LONDON: Printed,
And *Dublin* Re-printed in the Year, M, DCC, XLI.

Are they So?

A

PREVIOUS QUESTION,

FROM

An Inquisitive Man

To a great Man at COURT.

Hor.

To which is ADDED,

THE ANSWER,

Yes, They are!

Hor.

LONDON: Printed,

And Daily Re-printed in this Year. MDCCLVIII.

Are theſe Things ſo, &c.

DEAD to the World's each Scene of *Pomp* or *Care*,
Wrap'd up in Apathy to all that's there;
My ſole *Ambition* o'er myſelf to reign,
My *Avarice*, to make each Hour a Gain:
My *Scorn*—— the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whiſper, or a Tyrant's Frown:
My *Pride*—— forgetting, and to be forgot,
My *Luxury*—— lolling in my peaceful Grott.
All *Rancour*, *Party*, *Pique*, expung'd my Mind,
Free, or to *laugh* at, or *lament* Mankind:
Here my calm Hours I with the Wiſe employ,
And the great *Greek*, or *Roman* Sage enjoy;
Or, gayly bent, the Mirth-fraught Page peruſe,
Or, penſive, keep a *Faſt-day* with the MUSE:
Cloſe ſhut my Cottage-Gate, where none pretends
To lift the Latch, but *Virtue* and her *Friends*;
Tho', pardon Me—— a Word, Sir, in your Ear,
Once, *long ago*, I think I ſaw YOU *here*.
Yet, to the World, all Hermit as I live,
From all its vain Regards, a *Fugitive*;
Still in my Breaſt, my *Country* claims a Part,
And Love of *Briton*, clings about my Heart:
Then tell me, Sir, for YOU, 'tis ſaid, beſt know,
Is She, as Fame reports Her, *fall'n ſo low*?
Is *She*, who for ſo many Ages rode
Unqueſtion'd Monarch of the *Water-Flood*?
Whoſe freighted Barks were hail'd in ev'ry Zone,
And made each *India*'s envy'd Wealth, her own: Pro-

Protected still by such a Guardian Force,
(That were they e'er molested in their Course)
Sure *Vengeance* on th' Aggressor straight was pour'd,
Unless *Seven-fold* was for the Wrong restor'd.
Is She now sunk to such a *low Degree*,
That *Gaul* and *Spain* must *limit* out her *Sea*?
That She must ask *what Winds* her Sails shall fill,
And Steer by *Bounty*, who once Steer'd *at Will*!
Whilst the vast *Navies* (rais'd for her Support)
Nod on the *Main*, or *rot* before the *Port*:
With Hands *ty'd-up* vain *Menaces* retail, ——
Or try by meek *Persuasion* to prevail. ——
And is there ... *What*! —— So many *Millions* gone
So *many*, —— Heavens! yet Nothing, *nothing* done!
Do then, her Pow'rs, this drowsy Sabbath keep?
Is there no Trump will rouse 'em from their Sleep?
Are they quite lost to Empire and Renown,
Bemus'd at Home, or sunk in *foreign Down*?
Or, is it true, what *Fame* pretends to say,
That You, Sir, are the *Author* of *To-Day*?
That You're the fatal Cause of *Briton's* Shame,
The *Spend-thrift* of her *Freedom*, and her *Fame*?
That *Albion's* Sons are, by your *Arts*, become
The *Dupes* of Foreigners, and *Slaves* of Home:
That her fam'd S——te, on whose sage Debate,
And *free Resolves*, depended *Europe's* Fate;
Now meanly on your Nod *dependent* sit,
And *Yea* or *No* but just as you think fit:
Nay, that the *Chiefs* of even *Levi's Tribe*,
Bow down to you, the *Converts* of a *Bribe*?
Whilst our trim *Warriors*, deaf to Honour's Call,
Now wage no War, but in the Senate-Hall: Ther

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There wait your *Generaliſſimo* Command,
To fight *your* Battles 'gainſt the Patriot Band!.
And, that ſhould ONE, more noble than the reſt,
Diſdain to truckle to your high Beheſt;
Speak what he thinks, and freely plead the Cauſe
Of *Britain*'s Commerce, Liberty, and Laws;
Exert his Pow'r to check *Corruption's Swing*,
And ſerve, at *once*, his Country and his King.
His *dang'rous* Virtues are diſcarded ſtraight,
As ſure as they are Virtues of your Hate;
Strip'd of all Honour, Dignity and Rule,
To cloath ſome *Kindred* Oaf, or *Titled* Tool:
Or ſhould a brave and honeſt *Adm'ral* dare
To make one *Conqueſt*, tho' in time of *War*,
Without *your Leave*, to risk a *vig'rous Blow*,
And ſhew what *BRITONS, if they might*, could do;
Whilſt ev'ry raptur'd Voice reſounds his Praiſe,
And grateful Hands triumphal Columns raiſe,
Your venal Scribes are order'd all they can
To leſſen and *profane* the *godlike Man*.
That thus the *Fountain* of *Britannia*'s Health,
Source of her Grandeur, Liberty, and Wealth,
Polluted by your *all-corrupting* Hand,
With rank Infection deluges the Land;
Parent at once of *Want*, and *Luxury*,
Of open Rapine and dark Treachery;
The Knave's *Elixer*, and the juſt Man's *Bane*,
Food to the *Locuſt*, *Mildew* to the *Swain*;
Pouring on thoſe who once in *Goſhen* dwelt,
More deadly Plagues than *Egypt* ever felt;
And worſe than *Iſrael*'s *heavieſt Task* inflicts,
Tho' *gone* our *Straw* yet claiming *double Bricks*;

Whilſt

Whilſt *Commerce* flies before th' oppreſſive Weight,
And ſeeks in *Gaul* a more indulgent *Fate*;
Where, Shame to *Briton!* the fair Stranger Gueſt
Is hail'd with Raptures, and her *Wrongs* redreſs'd.
" *What then?* " I'm told you ſay, " we nothing loſe,
" *If they've our Commerce we've their wooden Shoes:*
" *And ſince our Merchants are ſo ſaucy grown,*
" *'Tis Time to pull the ſturdy Beggars down;*
" *They mutiny'd for War, and War they have,*
" *But ſuch a one, that ſoon a Peace they'll crave:*
" *Peace ſhall be Theirs, but ſuch a Peace, that then*
" *They'll curſe their Prayers and wiſh for War again:*
" *Thus poiſ'ning to 'em what they ask as beſt,*
" *I'll ruin them by granting their Requeſt.*
ARE THESE THINGS SO? Or is it Fiction all?
A *ſland'rous Picture* drawn in Soot and Gall?
Off-ſpring of Diſappointment or Diſgrace,
Of Thoſe who *want*, or who have *loſt* a *Place*?
If ſo, why lives the Scandal! Up for Shame,
Confront your *Foes*, and vindicate your *Fame*:
For, truſt me Sir, to wink at ſuch Offence,
Rather proclaims a *Fear* than *Innocence*;
" No one is guilty 'till he's guilty prov'd——
Come then, be this wild Clamour ſtrait remov'd;
In *conſcious Juſtice* cloath'd aſſert your Right,
Shake off this Load of Obloquy and Spight;
Like *Samuel* daunтleſs cry, *Lo here I am!*
" *Witneſs againſt me if I'm ought to blame.*
" *Before the Lord and his Anointed ſay,*
" *Whoſe* Rights *or* Honours *have I ta'en away?*
" *Whom, ſpeak, have I* defrauded *or* oppreſs'd,
" *Or ever pilfer'd* Forage *from whoſe Beaſt?* " Of

" *Of what vile* Contract *was I e'er the* Scribe,
" *Or of whose Hands have I receiv'd a* Bribe?
" *What* Scheme *did ever I at Home propose,*
" *But whence some* nameleſs *Profit would have roſe?*
" *Or what* C——n——n *e'er deviſe Abroad,*
" *But ſuch as* Briton's S——e *did Applaud?*
" *What of my* Country's *Money e'er beſtow'd,*
" *Except in* ſecret Service *for her Good?*
" Or *what* Incumbrance *on her* Commerce *laid,*
" *But for th' Increaſe of* our *Revenues made?*
" *In my dear Country's Service now* grown Grey,
" Spotleſs *I've walk'd before you to this Day:*
" *My Thoughts laid out, my precious Time all ſpent,*
" *In the hard* Slavery *of* Government:
" *My* BROTHER *too the* fruitleſs *Bondage ſhares,*
" *And all your* Peace *is owing to his Cares;*
" *Girding his Loins he Travels far and near,*
" *And brings home ſome* rare Treaty *every Year,*
" *You have my* SONS *too with you, who bow down*
" *Beneath the weighty Service of the Crown;*
" *My* COUSINS *and their* COUSINS *too——hard Fate!*
" *Are* loaded *with the Offices of State;*
" *And not one Soul of all my Kindred's free*
" *From* ſharing *in the Publick Drudgery:*
" *Why then theſe Shafts of Calumny you throw,*
" *This groundleſs* Odium *caſt on all I do?*
" *Speak out with Freedom what you have to ſay,*
" *Aſide all* Influence, Pow'r, *and* Skreen *I lay,*
" *And put the Conduct on the Proof To-day,*
This Sir, if you dare ſtand the Inqueſt, do.
And then if you've but *Samuel's Anſwer* too,
If all this heavy Charge is void of Ground,
And by the *publick Voice* you're guiltleſs found, Re-

Reſume your Power, with Terrors arm'd go forth
And blaſt the Villains that traduc'd your Worth;
Who baſely durſt your Righteous Courſe Arraign,
And Soil the Glories of great *Brunſwick*'s Reign.
But if you *know* your Cauſe is not the *beſt*.
Know that you have Defrauded and Oppreſs'd,
That you have ta'en and giv'n many a Bribe,
And of a *wicked Contract* been the Scribe
That you *have* pilfer'd *Forage* from the Beaſt,
And with the *Publick Wealth* your *own* encreas'd;
That a dire *Scheme* you laid t' *Exciſe* the Land,
And to a vile C----v----n ſet your Hand:
That you've *Monopoliz'd* each Poſt and Place,
To aggrandize your ſelf and *Muſhroom* Race;
That all your Kindred, BROTHER, SONS and COUSINS,
Have *Titles* and *Employments* by the *Dozens*;
And for as many *Sideſmen* as are wanted,
New Places are contriv'd, *new Penſions* granted.
If you e'er travell'd in thoſe *crooked* Ways
With a long Train of black *et Cetera's*;
Whilſt the *whole Nation* loaths your very Name,
And Babes and Sucklings your *Diſpraiſe* proclaim;
Turn your Eyes inward, on yourſelf reflect,
Think what you *are*, then what you're to *expect*.
Paſs a few Years the *Siſters* cut your Thread,
And rank you in the Number of the Dead;
But of what *Dead?* not thoſe whoſe Memory
Bloom with ſweet Savour through Poſterity.
Thoſe deathleſs Worthies, who, as Good as Great,
Or ras'd a fall'n or prop'd a ſinking State;
Or in the breach of Deſolation ſtood,
And for their Country's Welfare pledg'd their Blood
No! with the *Curs'd* your Tomb ſhall foremoſt ſtan
The GAVESTON's and WOLSEY's of the Land. Yo

YOUR EPITAPH.

In this foul Grave lyes H E,
Who dug the Grave of British *Liberty.*

Since then your Glaſs has but few Hours to run,
Quit, quit the Reins before we're quite undone.
Why ſhould you torture out your Dregs of Life,
In publick Tumult, Infamy and Strife?
To the laſt gaſp maintain a baneful Power
Only to ſee your Country die before?
If not for *us*—— for your *own* Family,
And as you've made 'em *Great*, pray leave 'em *Free*.
But if there's nothing that can bribe your Will,
From this Perverſe propenſity to Ill:
If to the Grave you are on Miſchief bent,
By growth in Crimes too harden'd to Repent:
If, whilſt *perhaps* you may, you *won't retreat*,
Reſolv'd the Nation's *Ruin* to compleat.
On *Britain*'s Downfal to erect a Name,
And truſt to an *immortal Guilt*, for *Fame*,
Mayn't the *Juſt Vengeance* of an injur'd Land,
Thus greatly urg'd, exert a glorious *Stand*?
Drive not the *Brave* and *Wretched* to Deſpair,
For though of *Freedom*, *Wealth* and *Power* left bare,
The Plunder'd ſtill have *Tongues*, and they may rear
Their loud Complaints to reach their *Sovereign*'s Ear.
Lay, with one Voice, their *Wrongs* before the *Throne*,
Whilſt H E whoſe *Fame* to both the Poles is known,
All EUROPE's Arbiter, all ASIA's Theme,
AFFRICK's Delight, AMERICA's Supreme;
HE who does ſtill expreſs his Royal Care,
His loving Subjects Injuries to Repair;
To their *Addreſſes* graciouſly attends,
And above all their *Liberty* defends.

Who is as Wiſe, as Pious, Mild, as Great;
And whoſe ſole Buſineſs is to nurſe the State;
May judge their Cauſe, and greatly rous'd, Command
The *Staff of Power* from the *polluted* Hand,
And to ſome *abler Head* and *better Heart*,
His long *diſhonour'd Stewardſhip* impart.

Perhaps to ſage *Camillus* who can boaſt,
Talents quite equal to the arduous Poſt;
A keen Diſcernment, ſtrong, yet bridl'd Thought,
One Nature's Dow'r, one by juſt Learning taught,
Calm Fortitude, unwarp'd Integrity,
And *Flame divine* to keep his Country *Free*.

Or to *Demoſthenes* whoſe ſteady Zeal,
Is ſtill exerted for the publick Weal;
Whoſe boundleſs Knowledge and diſtinguiſh'd Senſe
Flow in full Tides of rapid Eloquence;
And to the Native Treaſures of whoſe Mind,
We ſee form'd Worth, and wide Experience join'd.

With theſe the darling *Atticus* may ſit
An *abler* Partner——if his *rebel Wit*
Can to ſuch *Pains and Penalties* ſubmit.

And that fam'd *Caledonian Youth*, whoſe Morn
Propitious Skies, and Noon-tides Rays adorn,
Who roſe ſo *early* in his Country's Cauſe,
Shone, though ſo Young, *ſo bright*, that our Applauſe,
Was lock'd in Wonder——! gazing Senates hung,
On the divine Enchantments of his Tongue.
Hark, with what force he pleads in our Defence!
How juſt he ſpeaks an injur'd People's Senſe!
Half loſt to *Britain* now, He chides his *Fate*,
For ſtealing him, *by Titles*, from the State;
Whilſt we with Juſtice wiſh his *Titles more*,
As might ſuch Virtues to the State reſtore.

F I N I S.